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The Cornell Countryman



**Mrs. Roosevelt Evokes a Smile from her
Farm and Home Week Audience**

Volume XXXIX

Number 6

MARCH, 1942

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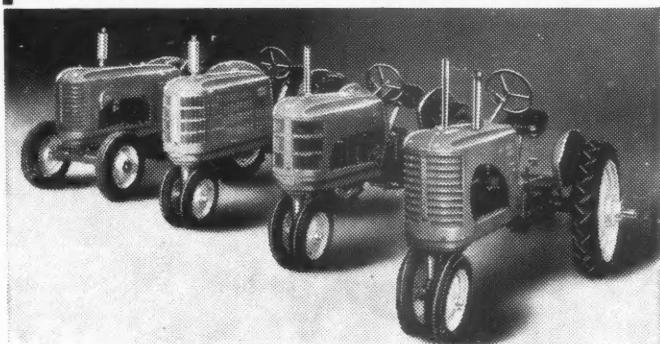
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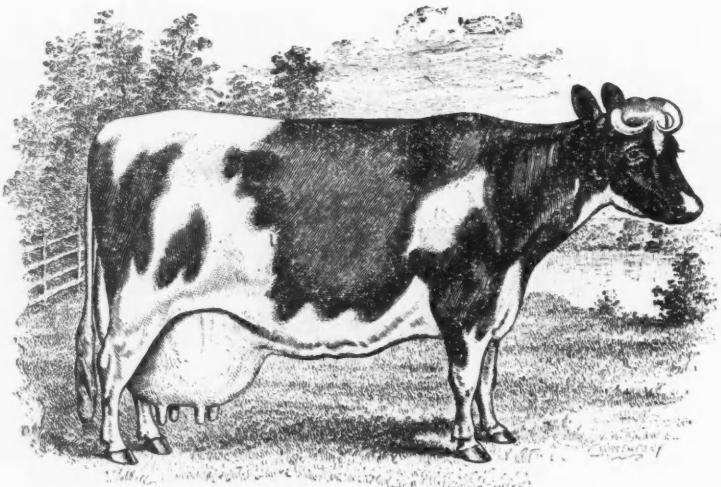
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And there is the lesson for dairymen. Good cows—the ones with the inheritance for big production, the size and development to make the

best of their inheritance, combined with good management—can do the job with simple feeds.

We are at war. Molasses is valuable as a source of alcohol for gunpowder. Cocoanut oil meal can't be bought at any price. Supplies of other ingredients may become short or unobtainable. A simple dairy feed may soon be the only kind dairymen can get.

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ITHACA, NEW YORK

This

Time



"Must the rural community die?" was the question asked of Farm and Home Week audiences by Rose Marion Head, '42, winner of the 33rd annual Eastman Stage contest. The Countryman regrets that it could not print Miss Head's entire speech, but assures its readers that the quality of the whole is as excellent as the portion printed here on page 5

Laureates of the plowlands proved that their number was legion when hundreds responded to the call for the rural poetry contest. Poems awarded first places all had their genesis in farm experience as you can see on page 6

Rudy Caplan, '44, is the Cornell Homemaker Editor for this issue and you'll agree that she has an ear for music and news, too, if you read "Music to Lend" on page 8

Read the story of a graduate wife who tells her story in "Earning Our Ph.T." on page 9

Plums to the public speaking department who trained the winners of the Rice and Eastman Stages pictured here on page 10

News notes from former students tell of Cornellians and what they are doing these busy days 11

And A Little Child . . .

With Farm and Home Week gradually becoming but a hazy recollection of exhibits and speeches, I am surprised at one incident which, of late, has been intruding itself into my thinking. At the time the thing happened, it seemed almost too trivial to note—just two small boys talking. Now Farm and Home Week brings hundreds of such boys to the campus, and usually by Wednesday we have become deaf to their comments, but somehow this conversation found its way past.

"C'mon, let's go in here!"

"No, we'd better not."

"Why not? What are you afraid of? This is a State building, ain't it? It's ours! C'mon!"

It's ours—from the lips of a youngster who may someday be a Master Farmer. He has learned today what his

father may have taken years to discover, that the College is his, was founded for his education, exists for his benefit. All its doors are open, so C'mon!

—M.M.L.

Apologies

Last month's Countryman carried an article labelled "Farm in Crisis" by George Fisk, '44. Illustrating the article was a picture of a Case tractor. Unfortunately, the credit line was assigned to Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. As much as we know that Firestone officials would be pleased to be credited with such a fine machine as the Case tractor, still we feel that credit should go where credit is due.

—M.M.L.

Start Now!

A COLLEGE EDUCATION means more than ever now because, in the days of reconstruction that follow the catastrophe of war, the trained man or woman is in demand; the untrained are at a disadvantage.

If you expect or intend to go to college and have not already made arrangements to enter, apply now and learn what is required for admittance.

Every prominent college or university has more applicants than it can accept; this condition may be doubly true next Fall if the government asks the colleges to train men for war tasks.

The college aims to admit those who are most likely to profit by the education it offers. It wants those who have keen minds, high character, and qualities of leadership. However, neither the college nor its prospective students can wait until all applications are in and then sift to find the best. It must take the records as they come, and choose those whose qualifications promise performance.

The ability to meet a situation and to make decisions indicates character; foresightedness and promptness denote that uncommon quality known as common sense. So, as soon as you are sure of being graduated from high school and are determined to go to college, get your name on the list of prospective students at the institution of your choice.

The foregoing statement applies to the New York State Colleges at Cornell University; its purpose is to encourage those who wish to enter to show that they have the desire and the determination to make decisions and to take advantage of this best of opportunities for education offered by the State.

One thing else: Persons who wish to go to college should not be diverted from their purpose by prospects of immediate jobs at good wages. There is a difference between a job and a career; when war is over this difference is likely to be felt, keenly and even disastrously. War does not represent a normal state; and when its heightened activities are over, those with cultivated brains and trained talents will be best able to serve their fellow-men, and therefore most in demand; others won't be.

If you think of entering the New York State College of Agriculture or of Home Economics, or any of the several other Colleges of Cornell University, do not put off sending for the necessary information. Address your queries to the

**Director of Admissions
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York**

The Cornell Countryman

A Journal of Country Life - Plant, Animal, Human

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Must the Rural Community Die?

By Rose Marian Head '42

My father grew up in a typical, small, rural community about which I would like to tell you. I shall call it Chester.

At the close of the civil war, Chester was made up of several distinct neighborhoods. Farms were large and transportation slow so a man was apt to see just his immediate neighbors, except when he went occasionally to Chester Center, a small village, to sell his produce and buy what his family needed.

Each neighborhood had its own church and its own schoolhouse and it was around these that social life was built. Taffy parties and square dances were held; everyone went to prayer meeting. One man helped another mow and thrash. All relationships were face to face and each man knew his neighbors well.

When the depression came in 1929, the little factory in Chester Center shut down. There was no longer an opportunity for young people there—and there certainly was not a chance on the farms. And so young men and young women went to the city. With them went a few whole families. One village church closed, the rest were 2/3 empty. Clubs became discouraged, the village newspaper stopped publication. There were no socials. The people had lost all interest in each other. Whenever a man had any money it gradually found its way to the city. The city had become the focus for his whole attention, his whole life. The rural community of Chester was in a state of complete disorganization.

This case, multiplied by several thousand, has caused people to say that the city is the only place to live in a civilization such as ours and to condemn our rural communities as being out of date, of no further use, dead.

But is it in the final destiny of things that they must die out? I would like to make two emphatic statements: First, I believe that our rural communities can be recreated to meet the demands of our day, and second, that they must be so recreated if America is ever to see real demo-

cacy and to preserve the things which have been best in her life.

Within forty miles of Ithaca, there is a hamlet with approximately 100 people. By 1928 the community like Chester, disorganized and discouraged. Even the two churches around which life had always centered, were unable any longer to pay their ministers and keep up their buildings. Each year each church contracted a new debt of \$500.

A few far-seeing individuals saw the situation clearly and recognized the need for a more practical church arrangement. These people, both Baptists and Methodists, began to plan the way for a union.

The first step was to federate the young peoples' societies and evening services. Finally, a year after the first joint young peoples meeting, complete federation was accepted.

But the federation was not the solution to the problem. Each group retained its own denominational ties and the congregation was divided sharply into two factions. A few people were not on speaking terms and there was a conflict over every issue. The only thing which had been accomplished was a pooling of resources to make it easier to support a minister and maintain a building. The people were not satisfied, so they tried again.

This time, they changed to an inter-denominational community church. Denominational ties were severed and the church became entirely independent. A new membership role was compiled. It grew from 65 to over 200 in a very short time. It drew from the whole country side, and included people from eight denominations.

Bees were held and everybody worked to get the two buildings in order, one as a church and one as a community recreation center. They painted, scrubbed, and roofed. It was good to see people working together who had formerly not spoken to each other. And it was good to see the improvements and know that they cost so little.

People once more are neighborly

and take care of their relatives and friends whenever the need or opportunity arises. A strong "we" feeling has developed. Participation in the program is almost 100%. The church has become a community-wide organization and has made the hamlet once more a united, purposeful and wide-awake community.

But projects which have brought communities back to life are not always connected so closely with country churches. In one place the movement was started with the organization of a community band, in another, a community chorus. Hartford, N. Y. has a Community Unity Week during which union church services, lectures, musical shows, plays, and a community banquet are held. Everyone takes part and tries to make the week a success for the profits (which are surprisingly large) are used for community improvement and everyone is interested whole-heartedly in the particular goal of the time. It took five years to get a fire truck and a garage for it, but the goal was worthwhile and Hartford now has a fine volunteer fire company with a whole lot of spirit behind it.

Whatever the form of the project or program, it unites people toward a common, community-wide goal.

Its impetus carries over to all phases of community life, including local government. The people in these places are interested in their government. It makes some difference to them what plans are made. They discuss new projects democratically and elect their leaders for their ability to carry out policies for which the whole community stands.

Fate has not ordained that rural communities shall disappear. But, if they are to survive and to thrive, we must get busy. We must find these vital interests within our own groups and build community life around them. We will need leadership, interested participation and whole-hearted cooperation. There is hope for the future of rural communities. We can rebuild them and make them able to meet the demands of this new age.

Poets from the Plowlands

Traditions may be started at any time; whether they survive is determined by their fitness to survive. Two that promise long life were started this year by two women connected with the College of Agriculture at Cornell; one of these is Dr. L. Pearl Gardner, professor of Rural Education, who inaugurated the rural poetry contest; the other is Professor Clara L. Garrett, who started the first exhibit of rural art, both in connection with Farm and Home Week.

This article deals with the first of these activities—the rural poetry contest; the second will be the subject of subsequent comment.

The results of the poetry contest amazed everyone including the judges; Professor Harold W. Thompson, author of "Body, Boots, and Britches;" Russell Lord, former editor of the "Cornell Countryman," now editor of "The Land," and a poet in his own right, and Professor Bristow Adams, editor of publications of the New York State Colleges or Agriculture and Home Economics.

The astonishment arose from both the quantity and quality of the poems submitted for honors and the prizes of \$15, \$10, and \$5, for first, second and third prizes, respectively. The judges had little trouble in selecting the first two awards, but were so puzzled over the third that they personally added two more five-dollar prizes, both as an evidence of the excellence of the next three, and as a penalty they imposed on themselves for not being able to choose between them.

In all 857 poems were submitted, and more than a hundred were of superior quality. When the semi-final sifting was completed there were still 38 which were worthy of consideration for the three main positions.

The single group of poets most in evidence was made up of farm house-wives. Rural ministers, too, were well represented. In subject, nature poems were ahead, but always with strong human interest; grandpas inspired more poems than did grandmas. Farm-and-home drudgery had a place, but always with a smile.

A few of the best poems are here printed. Of the first-place one, written by a young married woman, 33 years old, on a farm, and mother of two, Carol, age six, and son James, age three, the author says:

"Although my son is only three years old, I have been imagining the universal experience of mothers here and all over the world as their sons went into the army." Conversation with a neighbor lad, who drove the delivery wagon of a feed store, and who was to be called for service, convinced her that "he was already in a different world, that the new one was real and that the farm was already slipping out of mind."

Thus it can be seen that the genesis of a real poem comes from something near at hand.

The poem judged in second place, had its beginnings in a story that came from Kansas in the first place, was repeated to another person, who passed it on to a third, and finally it came to New York and to the minister who put it into blank verse and added the New York background from his own farm experience. It has a theme, a background, and a treatment that is characteristic of some of the best work of Robert Frost.

But let the prize winners speak for themselves:

November Trumpet Third Prize

By Katherine Harriet Herber, Feura Bush, Albany County

And once I saw the wild geese follow, follow
the unseen trail across the hollow sky.
The syllables of space are an unfailing
guide for those whose hearts are born to fly.

But what is there for one whose heavy feet
are rooted deep in earth, whose tear-bright eyes
are straining at the miracle they see
across the wind-swept stairway of the skies?

There is an answer that the tongue can make
to still for now the restless heart's reply,
but that upsurge will always come again
when overhead wild geese go flowing by.

CLASS 1-A

By Inez George Gridley
of Grahamsville, Sullivan County

First Prize

The boy is like the awkward, leggy colt,
Shying at strangers, fearful of the bit,
But settling in the traces for the pull.

His mother sees the papers, tries to knit,
Eyes bright with unshed tears.
His father's voice
Is hunting for the words he cannot find.

The boy listens gravely but does not hear—
The drums of war are pulsing in his mind.

He hears the booming of a foreign surf,
Sees sunlit banners dip in proud salute.
Later he will remember little things;
The lazy, drifting milkweed parachute.

The April robins strutting on the grass,
Bee-balm in August; fragrant garden dill,
The sound of apples dropping in the night,
Blackberries ripening on the pasture hill.

Warm brown bouquets of hardtack in the snow.
And wispy bird tracks near the scattered grain.

When he sees loam, unplanted in the sun,
His hand will ache to hold a plow again.

The Plowman

By John M. Pritchard, Cazenovia, Madison County

Third Prize

The plowman rides to favor on his toil,
He looms so large against the morning sky,
Salvation springs as always from the soil,
We need no seer to tell the reason why.

He drives his rugged plow across the hill,
One sees the master in his measured gait;
Deep plowing showing care and well-learnt skill,
He gazes down the furrows—they are straight.

Long furrows leaning neatly breast on breast,
Dark waves that heave and rise before they fall;
Each furrow fit to meet a rigid test,
As if the plowing were the end of all!

A patient man who braves the slanting rain,
Whose faith is not depressed by wind and sleet;
He sees behind him fields of golden grain
And willing reapers sweating in the heat.

He drives his plow and breaks a somber hush
That northern winters cast on land and air;
New life bestirs the minstrels in the bush,
The groggy groundhog leaves his black-out lair.

The plowman needs no plea to speed his pace,
High sense of honor guides his way of life;
In peril as in peace he fills his place,
He does not seek to rule by strength and strife.

In times of war he is the first to bear
The brunt of battles with his daily chores;
His furrows reach the warriors over there,
His front is far away on distant shores.

The swelling cereals of the morning meal,
The leaves that show a trace of crimped sod,
The fruit, the staff of life—all these reveal
The forms of two—the plowman and his God.

We crown this faithful tiller of the land,
He bends to serve but is forever free;
Lo, we can leave our fortunes in his hand—
He opens up the lines of victory.

A HUNDRED TURKEYS**Second Prize**

By Wheaton P. Webb, Worcester, Otsego County

Jonas sat rocking slowly where the sun
Slanted down warmly through the ageing trellis,
Making a silver fire of new-washed milk pails
Up-ended on their rack against the porch.

Jonas was getting old;—he'd long been thrifty
Of early morning shadows on the meadow
And of this breath of momentary leisure
Before the dews dried, and the scythes began
Their slow, hushed whispering down the pasture fence.
He listened to the bob-white's full-throat madness
Swaying a daisy, and the little winds
Made all the windrow's cleanness part of him.

He sat now staring at his stocking feet
The way an old man will, then with an effort
Stooped over and drew on his heavy shoes
And laced them meditatively as if
To postpone getting up one further moment.
Jonas had had three loves that kept a pretense
Of youth still struggling in his creaking bones—
His farm,—and Rachel,—and his hundred turkeys—
Three snatches of old song that wove a pattern,
The allegretto movement of his life,
Something to nourish now an old man's pride.

He'd won three prizes at the county fair
With that same flock of turkeys;—just to hear
Their bright, incessant gobble by the woodhouse
Woke something in his heart, not dead, but sleeping,—
Broadbreasted Bronzes and the Bourbon Reds,
The prettiest flock in all Schenevus Valley

"Strange," Jonas thought,—there came no sound to him
From all his hundred turkeys. He tied up
His shoestrings and trudged quickly as he could
Out to his turkeys. Jonas leaned weakly
Against the fence and stared all unbelieving—
"Dead!" was all he could say, "My Bourbon Reds
And all my Bronzebreasts deader than a nail!"
Rachel had heard his cry, and she came running,
The way she had for more than forty summers
Since Jonas took her for his wife out there
Under the old maple.

"What is it Jonas?"

She asked in much alarm. He only pointed
At the great birds all lying on their backs,
Their legs all pointing stiffly in the air.
"Dead!" Jonas said again, not quite convinced,—
And yet convinced. She drew her breath in sharply,
And then she told him,—"Jonas," she said, trembling,
Choking the tears that struggled to her throat,
"Jonas, I did it!—I didn't mean to,
But I did it—after the cherry canning
Last night I threw the pits and all the spoiled ones
In for the turkeys—I don't know what made me:
I never thought to do them any harm,
And now they've gone and burst themselves inside,
And all your prize flock's dead."

Jonas put his arm

Around her frail old shoulders and threw back
His own a very little, like a man
Will, when he knows all's lost, but won't be beat.
"There, there," he said, a soothing in his sadness,
"You couldn't know—" —then, slowly, with an effort,
"We'll save the feathers—we can sell the feathers!"
He ended brightly, though he didn't feel it.

All through the morning and the afternoon
Together they plucked feathers—but not talking—
It seemed as bad as laying out the dead.
The feathers mounted to a little mountain,
And Rachel stuffed them into burlap bags
And tied the necks with tearful resignation.

The cows came plodding up the short-cropped lane
For evening milking, in the lead Old Jersey,

Her rusted bell pealing a rusty summons;
A mournful bell, thought Jonas. . .

A crescent
Moon shone weakly over the hill pasture—
Jonas remembered now. "That's what you get,
Seeing a new moon over your left shoulder,"
He said aloud. He slid the wooden bar
And fastened in Old Jersey in her stanchion.

"Jonas!" Rachel's voice was full of terror.
He stumbled across the lawn to where she stood,
Leaning aghast against the fence and staring—
It looked to him like resurrection morning;
Broadbreasted Bronzes and the Bourbon Reds
Were strutting in uncomprehending wonder,
Featherless!

Jonas understood. "Dead drunk
As lords on your spoiled cherries—drunk as lords!
And now they've sobered up, all my prize birds,
And not a feather on 'em, and the fair
Only two weeks away!"

Confound that moon!"**Here on This Hilltop****Third Prize**

By Bessie A. Hallock, Honeoye Falls, Monroe County

Here on this hilltop lies the loan
Of land I think of as my own;

Free of debt and free from cavil,
Over which the sunbeams travel

Snipping bits of cloud away
For shadow pictures on the hay.

Open fields and crowded swales,
Thick with thumping tabby-tails;

Elderbushes shielding nests,
Warblers, transitory guests;

April furrows and August wheat,
Eglantine and bittersweet;

Sky and earth, an aviary;
My Jenny Lind, a wild canary.

In the spring my locust sways
Overhead its white sachets,

Till everything that hums and sings
Seems to be trying out its wings.

In the summer my chucks grow fat,
Loafing outside their Boston flat;

And pheasants stalk among the chard,
Each, a living color card.

In the fall my Seckel bears
Clusters of mulatto pears;

And my apples show their faces
Like ruddy stop-lights in dark places.

In winter when the iceman locks
My entire farm in a jewel box,

My juncos fly around the cove,
While God feeds the little stove

That He placed beneath each vest
When He helped them to get dressed.

All these things in field and fen
I have leased for three score ten,

With the possibility
Of holding them a century.

Then my Landlord promises me
A plot of my own, six by three,

Where my hands, though buried deep,
May still raise clover for His sheep.

Cornell Homemaker

Music to Lend

Are you tired of hearing your church choir sing the same old anthems? Is the choir sick of wishing for copies of new music that it can't afford to buy? The Sage Chapel Loan Library of Sacred Music for Rural Churches has been created this year to answer your prayers.

Under the direction of Max V. Exner, music specialist in the Rural Sociology Extension Department, and Prof. Paul J. Weaver, chairman of the Department of Music at Cornell, the Sage Chapel Library lends free copies of church anthems to requesting choir directors, pastors, or parishioners in rural towns with a population under 5,000.

Any rural people may ask for the list of available music, by writing to Max V. Exner, the Department of Rural Sociology, New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

From the catalogue of small works on hand for lending, borrowers may request as many copies as they need for a maximum of five different anthems. Exceptions are made for festivals or combined choir concerts.

It usually takes a week from the time the music is requested until it is received; and as soon as the copies arrive the borrower is obligated to send the cost of postage back to the Department of Rural Sociology.

Music may be borrowed for as long a period as six weeks, allowing for time to rehearse and give performances. An extension of time is granted if requested and if it is possible.

Just So!

"I just sewed a practical final," was the comment heard last month from members of the Textiles and Clothing 110 class during examination week. Did they all pass? Well, I guess they did!

Twenty-eight men's bathrobes and thirty-six little boy's shirts are evidence of the success of the exam. From cloth donated by the American Red Cross, the girls made the garments to prove to instructors that they really had learned the fundamentals of sewing.

"It was the most pleasant exam I ever took," said one girl, while another commented, "Yes, but the hardest, too. Handling bathrobe material is sure different from making myself an evening gown. Wait until my Dad hears about this; he'll probably be placing an order for his '42 Christmas present."



JULIA SNELL '42

Curled up in bed, studying her First Aid lesson for defense, the WSGA Chairman of Cornell Women's Activities laid aside her book and grinned the sweet "hello" that has made her the pet of all Cornellians who know her.

Julie kicked over the first pebbles in her climb to the heights in popularity and success when, in her freshman year, she helped on Willard Straight committees, worked on the business board of The Sun, and became a member of the Home Economics Club and of Delta Delta Delta sorority.

Active on the W.S. entertainment committee, and representing Tri-Delt in the CURW Women's Assembly in her sophomore year, she was elected president of Comstock dorm for her junior year. Then she became a member of WSGA council, and worked on the committees for Women's Teas and Cornell Day for Women.

Omicron Nu elected Julie to membership at the end of her junior year, when she became vice president, and a delegate to the Omicron Nu Conclave at Michigan State. She was also awarded the Danforth Fellowship, and was sent as a delegate to the National Home Economics Association at Chicago that summer. Now as a senior, Julie is Chairman of Women's Activities, secretary of both WSGA council and executive committee, and is co-chairman of the W. S. Sunday, recital committee.

Julie was graduated from Herkimer High where she was editor of the school newspaper and year book. She "had always wanted to come to Cornell" and her sisters Cornelia '40 (who is married to William E. Bens-

ley, Jr. '40) and Kay '44 (who was president of the freshman class) are also Cornellians. Julie's uncle, Birge W. Kinne '16, was business manager of the Cornell Countryman, and is now advertising manager in New York State for the Better Homes and Gardens magazine.

Letter Home

Dear Mom:

Your reporter on Farm and Home Week picked up a few hints for home that you might be able to use.

For a blackout room curtain, use the gaily colored quilt that is wearing thin. Just line it with black sateen; it keeps the room cheery looking and also keeps the light from leaking out.

To prevent splintering of window glass, paste cheese cloth or muslin on the window by applying hot bookbinder's glue, or flour paste with 5% glycerine or molasses.

And you know those stained aluminum pots of ours? Well, boil vinegar water in them and rub gently with steel wool. Gently does it, and doggone, the stain disappears.

And when burned food gets stuck in the bottom of your baking dishes, try using baking soda in the water you soak them in, then rub them gently and presto, they're clean!

Another point of interest, Mom: you get more prunes for your money if you buy the smaller ones. We love to munch them in our rooms when we're studying. Dried fruits are sweet like candy, but don't mean so much sugar, and are better for our complexions. Hint, hint! Can you find an empty corner in my laundry case next week?

Which reminds me of the yummy ice-creams you're always concocting. Here's a cheap, delicious, nutritious recipe for apricot ice cream. Whip one tall, ice-cold can of evaporated milk; add the juice of two or three lemons. Then fold in one cup of apricot pulp combined with 3/4 of a cup of granulated sugar. Now isn't that easy! And it's good for you too. Did you realize that one pound of apricots have about the same nutritive value as five pounds of fresh fruit?

Yes, your daughter is getting smarter every day. Farm and Home Week really gave me a slew of tips, and I'm going to pass them all on to you, but this is enough for one letter. Write me soon and please send my laundry case early.

Love,
Carol

Earning Our Ph. T

By Eunice Nelson Palmer

ONE graduate wife of every three has either a part-time or full-time job. We call it earning our Ph.T. (putting hubby thru). Those of us who have neither secretarial training nor influential friends eventually find ourselves a job—(usually the less desirable full time ones paying 23c an hour, a part time one, or even a clerk's position in the stores downtown). At any rate, let's say we have a job. We make our budgets, cross our fingers, and pitch in.

THE type of job really doesn't matter since we're building toward a future—cooperating with all our might. We can't see that already we have one strike against us—the fact that we have to work. My contention is that, in such marriages, the problems of adjustment are more varied and harder to overcome than in those in which the wife stays at home.

At first we like the feeling of being a part of the whole—a real cooperative mate. Aren't we the hard-working wives "putting hubby thru"? We rise at 6:45, wash and dress, get breakfast, stack the dishes, push the studio couch together, "pick up" the apartment and walk to work with our husbands at 7:30.

We don't pay much attention to the fact that while we're rushing about, John has been dressing leisurely, lingering over a second cup of coffee and a cigarette, and still managing to be standing at the open door, his foot tapping impatiently, by the time we're ready to leave.

Nor do we notice that at night while we are preparing dinner, washing the breakfast dishes, and finishing the cleaning, John is sitting by the radio with a newspaper or book. We overlook the fact that, if dinner isn't on the table around six o'clock, John comes into the kitchen with the rather pointed question, "Dinner nearly ready, dear?"

AFTER dinner, John usually goes to "the building" to study. We sit down to enjoy a cigarette and to scan thru the paper. But not for long—there's the dinner dishes, washing, ironing, mending—those notes of John's and several parts of his thesis to be typed, his bibliographical cards to file, that German article he wants translated—there's the family letters to write, the lunches for the next day, a grocery list to make up—

there's—oh hum—"Hello, John. Glad you made it before 12:00. I'm rather sleepy."

We find that we have to set the alarm for 7:00. We just can't seem to be on our toes at the office and at home after six or seven hours of sleep, and that extra 15 minutes in the morning is certainly a treat. But what a vicious circle—there's more "picking up", straightening, and cleaning to do in the evening. Oh,

pose, those of us who have had actual experience in responsibility, economics, sacrifice, and grin-and-bear-it-roles, may even go on longer. (I must confess my ignorance of any one in this last category). Sooner or later, however, we begin to get a little suspicious that the cooperation in our family has all the earmarks of being a one-sided affair. And the proper time to come to the actual conclusion with a very decided and deep-seated conviction is at the end of a day not unlike the following.

1. Oversleep and cuss at the clock.

2. Cuss at the heating system which isn't working this coldest of winter mornings—or at the landlady who calls herself patriotic by conserving fuel but is probably endangering our health.

3. Cuss at the water you have to heat for John's shave.

4. Finally and cold-bloodedly, swear at the frozen milk!

In these four steps you have the perfect beginning of a day commonly believed to occur only on a Friday the 13th. It's the first week of the month too—and for the umpteenth time the budget has tipped way over in the red side. Farewell to a new pair of stockings.



well, let's leave John's socks go just this once and get to bed early—after all when we fall asleep in our chair—but "What's the matter, dear? all my socks have holes in them."

Well, let's set the alarm for 7:15 and leave all the cleaning till night—but "Gosh, honey, the apartment seems awful messy lately." Then let's send out our laundry with the linen—but "Holy Smoke! Look at this laundry bill. What are you sending out?" Well, then let's—but—ad infinitum.

At first we don't notice these various things. We only notice that as time goes on we feel just a little more tired day after day. "You don't seem as vivacious as you used to"—because I refused to get up at 4:00 A. M. and go on that all-day field trip last Sunday? "We don't seem to have any mutual interests"—because I fell asleep while you were reading excerpts to me from that paper on the present status of the Muskox?

IF OUR emotional stability and physical stamina are high, we may go a whole year without noticing. We may even go two years and, I sup-

pose it to say that John helps with the dishes; he makes the bed; he takes his turn at washing and waxing the floor; and he can prepare a meal! And I. Well, I am only too glad to type his notes, to do his filing, to translate his German articles, and to help pay the rent and other expenses. And once more I have the feeling that we are really working together towards a common goal—a future which will be the better for our having taken John's Ph. D. and my Ph. T.

* * *

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Devoted to
Local
Events

The Campus Countryman

Around the
Top of
"The Hill"



Eastman Stage Speaking Contest

Alvin S. Klein '42 Thomas Odak, Sp. Ira H. Blixt '43
F. Marion McCann '42 Marie C. Call '42 Rose M. Head '42

Poultry Gift

An appropriation of \$100,000 is now before the state legislature. The proposal, by Assemblyman Rapp of Darien calls for the construction of an ex-

perimental poultry plant in the college.

This Year's Bouquets

A good share of the success of Farm and Home Week this year lie

with Professor Kelsey, in general charge, and additional thanks go to Robert S. Smith, student chairman, and his assistants: Stephen Hawley, William Slack, and Marian Pergande. Also committee chairmen—Marie Call, news; Richard Back, attendance; Stuart Allen, ushering; Dodge Blake, information; Robert Laben, arrangements; Lester Vollmer, checking; Philip Wilson and Mildred Keith, registration.

This Farm and Home Week saw two girls win top honors at the annual Eastman Stage Contest with Rose Marian Head '42, who spoke on "Must the Rural Community Die?" taking first place, and Marie C. Call '42 second prize. Thomas Odak, Sp. Ag., received honorable mention. "Must the Rural Community Die?" is printed in this issue of the Countryman.

Raymond E. Dague '42 was the winner of the Rice Debate Stage in Farm and Home Week, and Benjamin J. Miles '43 took the second

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Barnes Hall

On The Campus

prize. Both speakers took the affirmative of the resolution, "Maximum farm prices should be fixed for the duration of the national emergency."

Farm and Home Week Memoirs

We still think of the Rolling Kitchen, over at Home Ec... and the furniture collection of New York State's leading families wasn't anything to pass up either... that's quite a slogan they had, "Food for Victory" ... we hear that registration was only 10,263 this year, or 3,000 less than last year. . Fred Feulner did a neat job on his 10 inch beech with 27.4 seconds—good enough to win and also to be a new record for the woodchopping contest ... and we can't forget that shindig up at Barton Hall that Tuesday night—we haven't had so much fun in a long time...

Student Livestock Show

As usual, the Round-up Club sponsored its annual Student Livestock Show this Farm and Home Week, and it was a very successful show, thanks to the efforts of this year's superintendent, Roger Bradley '42 and his assistant, Bernard Potter '43. At least 150 different kinds of farm stock were fitted and shown.



Rice Debate Stage

Benjamin J. Miles '43
Evelyn F. Kassman '42

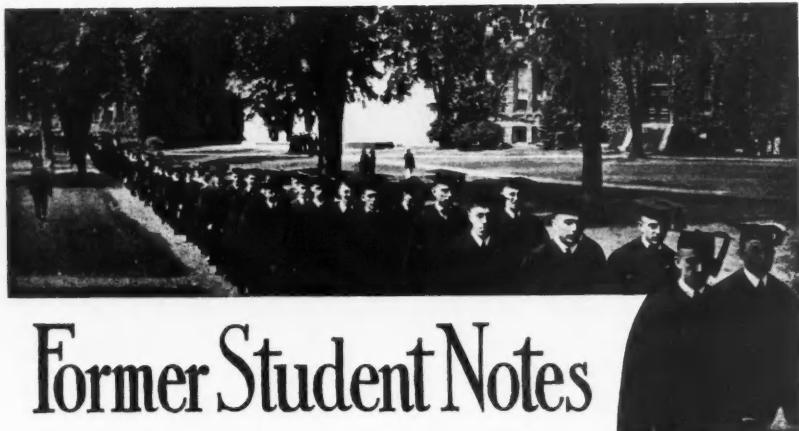
Raymond E. Dague
Alvern H. Butler '42

Winners of the various divisions were: dairy cattle—Champion Showman, J. A. Stein and Reserve Champion, Sonja Kramarsky; beef cattle—William Potter, Champion Showman, C. McMillan, Reserve Champion; horses—Champion Showman, Jean Anne Leslie, Reserve Champion, H. W. Patton; sheep—Champion Showman, S. R. Cuthbert, Reserve Cham-

pion, F. J. Vuillemot; swine—Champion Showman, Jim Whitaker, Reserve Champion, Erton Sipher.

Poultry Club Dance

The Cornell Poultry Club threw a swell dance this past Friday at Warren Seminar. Round and square dancing from 9 to 12 to the music of Davidson's band!



Former Student Notes

'11

Lydia Francis Humphreys reports her address as Apartment 5, 522 East State Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

'12

Mary Wheeler has changed her address to 305 New Scotland Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

'13

Caroline D. Higgins lives at 135 Pleasant Street, Arlington, Massachusetts. She is a member of the D.A.R. and of the Executive Committee of Civilian Defense Unit in Arlington.

'17

I. Newton Voorhees of Beverly Hills, California, reports that he is employed as Production Manager of the Knudsen Creamery Company of Los Angeles. He has two daughters and one son.

'20

Alberta Dent is still Associate Professor of Home Economics in charge of Nutrition at the New Jersey College for Women. Her address is New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Charles Ten Eyck as an ex-forester

has achieved a position held by no other Cornell woodsman. He was recently appointed postmaster at Hollywood-in-Florida. Tenny also is a professional engineer; 1st Lieutenant in Florida Defense Forces; Secretary-Treasurer of the Democratic Executive Committee of the 4th Congressional District in Florida and secretary of Cornell Club of Southeastern Florida. Outside of these avocations, he has nothing to do. Hope he gets the mail out more than once a week, even if the mailbag isn't more than half full.

'22

Elizabeth C. Cooley is Head of the Foods Department at the Andrews School for girls at Willoughby, Ohio.

Lloyd S. Passage is eastern representative of the publishing firm of Reynsland Hitchcock, and publishing all of the "best sellers" they can get.

'23

Franklin Smith is still with Indian Service, and was transferred sometime ago to Fort Washakie, Wyoming.

Albert Muller who has been in Plant Pathology work in several South American Countries for some years visited the United States last summer and in September became

Director of the National School of Agriculture of Guatemala.

Gertrude Hicks is still Assistant Dining Room Superintendent in Balch Hall at Cornell.

Bob Zautner is happy to announce the fourth in a long line of descendants with the arrival of Susan Linda on last November 18. Vital statistics on "Bob": 2 boys and 2 girls—so far.

25

George Webber M. S., 1926 has celebrated the first birthday of his son, John Bentley, born last January 27.

Ruth H. Kennedy reports that she is still teaching General Science in the Maplewood, New Jersey, High School. Her address is 76 Washington Street.

Ellen Cecelia Watson is now Dietitian at the College of New Rochelle, New York.

26

Robert Mitchell is selling Dairy Farming Insurance in Connecticut. He has two children—a girl, 9 and a boy, 4.

Lester B. Foreman is still District Superintendent of Schools, living in Pittsford, N. Y.

28

James D. Pond is a State Extension Forester and is residing in East Ithaca, N. Y.

29

Marvin Smith is with the United States Forest Service, Springfield, Missouri, serving as Assistant Forest Supervisor in the Mark Twain National Forest.

Myron Fuerst is establishing an enviable reputation managing his own stock farm at Pine Plains, N. Y.

Dr. H. J. Sloan, head of the Poultry Department at the University of Minnesota, is also head of the Poultry and Egg Board. He majored in nutrition under Dr. L. C. Norris '20.

30

Beatrice Fehr is Home Demonstration Agent in Cortland County and may be addressed—Home Bureau Office, Court House, Cortland, N. Y.

Mary Bean is now Mrs. George W. Hart and lives at 871 Dorian Road, Westfield, New Jersey. She writes that they have two refugee children, Doris and Inge Newberger, ages 10 and 12, in their home since April, 1939. The children are from Germany, of Jewish background.

Mort Adams shows his great love of horses when he exhibited at the recent International Livestock Show in Chicago. By the way, Mort has two sons, Sam and Mike.

Charlotte Spencer was married to

33
Gerald Hurley on April 12, 1941. Her home address is Box 433 Newark, Delaware.

Genevieve Haskell is still teaching in the Public School at Norwich, N. Y. She lives at 93 E. Main Street.

34

Norma Kenfield is cashier of the Holding Corporation of G.L.F. in Ithaca, N. Y.

35

Merrill Knapp continues as an instructor in Extension Teaching in Roberts Hall.

Don E. Curtice, formerly assistant superintendent at Gainesville, Florida has been promoted to superintendent of the Elizabeth, New Jersey plant of American Lumber and Treating Company.



Avis Munn now Mrs. Ransom Page Jr. lives in Stafford, N. Y. She has a two year old son.

Ruth Rieger married William E. Kennedy '36. They are now living at Tarrington, Connecticut. Bill is associated with the American Brass Company and has one daughter.

36

Constance Hastie is an instructor in Textiles and Clothing at the University of Connecticut.

Robert A. Van Order, MF '37, and Mrs. Van Order are the parents of a second daughter born December 30th, 1941. Bob is district supervisor of the Farm Security Administration in Norwich, N. Y.

Barbara Congdon is married to Andrew McElwee and has one daughter.

Lucille Case, now Mrs. Lee Pigage, is living at West Lafayette, Indiana, where Lee is an instructor in engineering at Purdue University.

37

Marion Bean is married to Norman Parnell '41 and is living in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Marian Wrench was married August 23 to Charles E. Roosa of Hamburg. Charles is working for the

Dunlop Tire and Rubber Company in Buffalo.

Bob Brooks is employed as assistant chemist by Curtice Brothers Company packers of quality foods in Rochester, N. Y.

Josephine Sloughter, now Mrs. William Coggshall, has one son.

38

Mr. and Mrs. Chet Freeman are living at Apartment 6G, 397 State Albany, N. Y. Chet has a job with the Bureau of Planning in the Division of Commerce.

Rhea Casterline is head dietitian at Sage College.

Mary Latham was married to John Kreuger on August 2, 1941. Their address is 2650 East 73rd Street, New York City. For the past two years Mary has been assistant dietitian at Penn State College.

An announcement of the marriage of Jean Benham and William Marshing has been received. They are living at 3-25 Summit Avenue, Warren Point, New Jersey.

39

Wilbur Farnsworth was married to Myrtle Grull the 20th of November in Buffalo, N. Y. Congratulations, and best of luck to Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Farnsworth.

Robert Markham, formerly Assistant Farm Bureau Agent in Wayne County, is going into the United States armed forces.

40

Miss Carol Clark began October 1 as Associate 4-H Club Agent in Broome County.

Mary Dafgard is now Mrs. Winthrop Allen and lives in Ithaca.

Rose Broadback is now food supervisor in the Hotel Statler in Cleveland, Ohio.

Doris Tingley and Marjorie Eddy have finished their course at the New York University school of retailing and received their MS degree in retailing.

41

Geraldine Martin is Home Economics instructor in the LeRoy High School.

Elaine Yaxis is beginning her career as a private secretary by attending the Moon Secretarial School in New York.

Elaine Ely and Laurine Raiber are working in the farm security field. Elaine is home management supervisor in Oneonta and Laurine is doing the same in Watertown.

Dorothy Jacobson was married to Fred Classon on June 11, 1941. She is doing home service work with the Clarks Hardware Company in Jamestown.

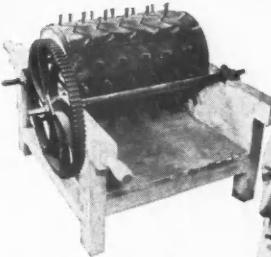
1842
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 Centennial
 Jubilee
 1942

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In 1842 a farm lad of 23 set out from his home in upstate New York to the newly settled Midwest. He saw in its grain fields a chance to serve his fellows and himself by selling threshers. Landing in the frontier territory of Wisconsin, he sold all but one of the six machines. He had to sell them because his capital was energy and enterprise, not money, and he had secured them on credit.

The sixth thresher he kept, using it for custom work and for experiments. Already he had a vision of something that would not only thresh grain from the head, but also separate it from the straw and chaff. That same winter he began to build improved threshers, and by the time he was 25 put into the field an improved model which was both thresher and separator. Thus did Jerome Increase Case in two short years come to one frontier and create another.



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They bequeathed to us the United States of America, and their sons and grandsons made it great and strong.

Had we forgotten, in recent years, to be grateful for our American way of life? Yes, most of us had. But now that we stand in peril of losing it—*we remember*. Now that we must fight with all that we have and are, to hold that heritage, we look back on the hard history that lifted us up on the heights. And we review the later years that have brought us to this bitter hour.

Today, in 1942, the mists are clearing from our vision. The Nation is at war. Americans are *re-discovering* their America.

★ ★ ★

Now, AS IN THE DAYS of the pioneers, Agriculture is the foundation of American security *and of American survival*. In the fight for Victory the man who really fights leads all others in our devotion. And here, *back home*, no man's job is greater than the farmer's job. He must raise the food that freemen need.

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